

Dear Alphas

by I'mTheGirlWhoLearnedToFly

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Summary: "You're not the only Stream in HIVE. And you're certainly not the best. Sincerely, the other Streams." The Henchman, SciTech and PolFi Streams decide to put their resentment into words. Nero is reading their rather, ahem, forceful letters, while Raven is wondering if Max was drunk when he sorted Otto and Co into Alpha. Or if Pike was involved. Both prospects are equally horrifying.

## 1. Dear Alphas

**\*\*The Stream-Test was very vague, wasn't it? I got a complete medley of a result.\*\***

**\*\*Also-those of you who don't read Harlen Coben, you're missing out. I've actually added one of my favourite Win moments at the end of this one-shot. I suggest you read it. And then go read the books.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>DISCLAIMER: I don't own HIVE. Yet. maybe next year, when I take over the world...<strong>

**\*\*SPOILER ALERT: Tiny spoiler for Aftershock. But really, go and re-read Book 1. It certainly wasn't a surprise for \_me\_. \*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Dear Alphas,<strong>

We admit it-Block and Tackle have the IQ of a waffle. Their \_combined\_ IQ is that of a waffle. A sad, burnt waffle.

And, knowing you, you little stuck up, snooty 'geniuses', you'll probably comment on how (cue the high, stuffy voice) "the 'IQ' of waffles is not dependent on how burnt they are, and what do you mean

by sad? Waffles don't have emotions..."

Because, by definition, all Henchmen students are idiots.  
Right?

Freaking wrong.

You're not that special, you know? You're the leaders, but what's so great about that? Without people to lead, all you're capable of is conducting the air to do your evil bidding. Ha ha. Good luck with that. We know what your average upper body strength is like-don't pull a muscle waving your arms around!

Leadership is overrated. There's nothing wrong with being the second-in-command! You know why we work under you? Because we choose to. If we didn't want to listen to you boss us around anymore, we could just as easily break the deal. Along with a few other things. Like your bones. Even the ones you didn't know existed.

You upstarts get where we're getting at? We have brains. No one forces us to take orders. We work for the leaders out of loyalty or personal benefit or shit like that. Not because we're too stupid to know how to tie our shoelaces.

Food for thought (yes, that was a pun regarding the whole 'waffle' thing); Raven? The world's deadliest assassin? Dr Nero's girlfriend/bodyguard?

\*Insert space for the reader to glance furtively over his/her shoulder to see if she's nearby. The mention of her name does that to most people.\*

She's a henchman through and through. She works under Dr Nero. She takes orders from him. And she's a badass fighter-THE badass fighter. Henchman, right? And she could kill Nero in a heartbeat if she was so inclined.

Henchmen still looking like drooling vegetables to you? Yeah, tell that to Raven. Go on. We dare you, you gutless, spineless pricks.

Windsor Horne Lockwood III from the Myron Bolitar series. Henchman. No one can dispute that. No one can dispute that he's a true BAMF, either.

(Written by Harlan Coben-you do read, don't you, pansies? Or do you just carry around your fancy books for show? We wouldn't be surprised... for your benefit, we attached a Xeroxed page from one of the books at the end.)

And, Wing Fanchu? The Wing Fanchu? He should have been a Henchman. He works under Otto Malpense. And he's one of the best fighters ever to come at HIVE.

He certainly doesn't have any leadership or evil-mastermind qualities. And he can give Malpense a first-hand Biology practical on the appearance of a spleen (Malpense's own, to be precise) any day.

God knows why they screwed the Stream sorting up with him. With the number of fangirls he has, it would have been the biggest CHEW ON THAT, SUCKERS if he was in Henchman.

**\*\*Yours sincerely,\*\***

**><strong>The (severely pissed off) Henchmen students.<strong>**

**><strong>(We love it when Colonel Francisco makes you work your weak little asses off. It provides us with an excellent source of slapstick humour)<strong>**

\* \* \*

**><p><strong>Dear Alphas,<strong>**

Hi. PolFi students here. Do you even know what colour our uniform is? It's gray, by the way. The SciTech stream is white. Do you even know what PolFi is short for? Or SciTech?

Because we are blatantly ignored. And it is, to be perfectly frank, insulting.

We are the manipulators. The Lucians and the Slytherins, so to speak. We recline in the shadows as we pull the political strings and reshuffle funds. We smile as we twist our way into peoples' minds and laugh at how they are but putty in our capable, cunning, sneaky hands.

And unlike you, we certainly don't wave around conducting batons, ordering a gorilla army to do our bidding. Yeah, yeah, you're the evil geniuses, the masterminds behind the diabolical plot, the true leaders. Yada yada yada. We've already siphoned off half the funds of the World Bank by the time you've finished your speech.

Oh, and by the way-the true leaders? That would actually be us. Politics, sweetheart. We know what to say, how to say it, when to say it. We pull the strings. We manipulate minds.

We dare you to try to say 'I like maple syrup on my waffles' without us being able to twist your words.

Seriously. This is an open challenge to all you Alpha students-try to beat any PolFi student in a game of liar dice or poker. Open challenge. Beat anyone from our stream, and we'll admit defeat.

(We hope this challenge actually has takers. We find it downright hilarious, watching you trying to keep up with us.)

You know, if you had half a brain, you would have noticed that we've been siphoning off your resources. Being invisible is our speciality-you want to catch us at it? It'll be easier to convince Franz Argentblum to go on a diet.

Speaking of Franz Argentblum, he should have been in our Stream-he's not Alpha material, he's a natural PolFi who really knows his figures-or rather, his figure fudging.

We had thought that those two newbies, that pink haired girl (Penny-overt reference to money, anyone? We're the Political and Financial stream, hint hint...) and her friend (whose last name is

\_Ransom-\_yep, definitely suited for PolFi...) would be here, too.  
\_Dayum\_, can they \_lie!\_ They could talk a crazy old cat lady into giving them her last bag of kitty litter!

Well, their loss. They should complain to the authorities. Actually, so many people were put in the wrong stream this time. Our SciTech friends don't stop ranting about how they understand that Otto-Malpense-technical-genius-extraordinary is Alpha material, but his girlfriend-is she his girlfriend? That Scottish ginger?-is \_no way\_ a leader or mastermind and should be in SciTech.

Actually, the Darkdoom boy, Nigel-leadership qualities? A budding mastermind? Who the hell saw that in \_him\_?

\*Insert space for the reader to glance furtively over his/her shoulder to see if Dr Nero's nearby.\*

But he's a natural Biotech Engineer. What the hell is he doing in Alpha? He should be SciTech, too...

Someone really messed up there. \_So\_ many people have been placed in the wrong stream this time...

**\*\*Regards,\*\***

><strong>The ones who manipulate and the ones who pull the strings,<strong>

><strong>PoliticalFinancial Stream (seriously, though, you \_did\_ know what 'PolFi' was, right?)\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Alphas,<strong>

Get off your high horse. You suck compared to us.

If you have any respect for what we are and what we do, you'll be gone by morning.

**\*\*Science and Technical Stream\*\***

**\*\*Post Script\*\***-A student from SciTech (who wishes to remain anonymous for the sake of his/her personal safety) would like to add, "I've installed cameras in Wing's shower. Good luck trying to find them. We know how to cover our tracks, we know how to disguise signals \_absolutely\_. With the number of fangirls he has, it's easy to find takers for the tapes. It's a lucrative business-the PolFi Stream isn't the only one who knows how raise resources."

The SciTech Stream in general would like to agree with him/her. Incidentally, the PolFi stream has teamed up with us on numerous occasions. The things they have with which they can blackmail you...they are redefining 'evil', even by HIVE standards.

**\*\*We are laughing as we try to imagine your discomfort,\*\***

><strong>SciTech<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>Dr Nero stared at the letters his assassinbodyguard-\_not\_ his

girlfriend, of course not!-had placed before him. He folded up the letter he had been reading before she could read the "Dr Nero's girlfriend/bodyguard" bit.

"Well," he said finally, "I'm actually rather glad that they've discovered ways of smuggling currency into HIVE. And utilizing it. Considering the fact that they're supposed to be the next future villains of the world, I'd be disappointed if they hadn't yet figured out ways to sneak in money...And the Henchman stream was rather...\_civil\_ with its language."

"It's a surprisingly peaceful way of voicing their opinions on the Alpha stream," Raven said seriously. "And they all raised some very valid points-Brand and Darkdoom should be in SciTech. Fanchu is a Henchman. Argentblum should be PolFi, and Richards and Ransom as well." She eyed him suspiciously.

"Max, you weren't drunk when you sorted-"

"No," he snapped, "Absolutely not."

"Were you sitting with Pike when you were deciding the streams? Was \_he \_drunk?"

"Professor Pike was \_not involved.\_ And neither was alcohol," Nero stressed.

Silently, he crossed his fingers under his desk.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I'm PolFi. And <strong>\*\*I call dibs on the Nero+Pike+alcohol+streaming plot bunny!\*\*

\*\*High five if you read the 'If you have any respect for what we are and what we do, you'll be gone by morning' line in Tigress's voice ;)\*\*

\*\*Also-this is my take on how the other streams perceive the Alphas. The books have made it pretty clear that they hate Alphas. If you disagree (likely), then get creative...write a response in your review. I survive off humour ;)\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Excerpt from<strong>  
><strong>DROP SHOT (Myron Bolitar series-which <em>should<em> be renamed Windsor Horne Lockwood III series)\*\*  
><strong>by Harlan Coben<strong>

"I have an idea," Aaron said.

"An idea?"

"For how to end this deadlock. One I think you'll like, Win."

"Do tell," Win said.

"We both put our guns down at the same time."

"So far it doesn't sound very appealing," Win said.

"I'm not finished."

"How rude of me. Please continue."

"We've both killed men with our bare hands," Aaron said. "We both know we like it. A lot. We both know there are very few worthy adversaries in this world. We both know we are rarely if ever seriously challenged."

"So?"

"So I'm suggesting the ultimate test." Aaron's grin grew brighter. "You and me. Man to man, hand-to-hand combat. What do you say?"

Win chewed on his upper lip. "Intriguing," he said.

...Still holding the guns, both men placed their hands on the floor. At the same time, they twisted their weapons so that the barrel was no longer pointing at the other man. They both released their weapons at the same time. They both stood at the same time. They both kicked the weapons into a corner at the same time.

Aaron grinned. "It's done," he said.

Win nodded.

They approached each other slowly. Aaron's grin spread into something fully maniacal. He got into some weird fighting position â€" dragon or grasshopper or something â€" and beckoned with his left hand. His body was sleek, all muscle. He towered over Win. "You forgot the basic premise of the martial arts," Aaron said.

"What's that?" Win asked.

"A good big man will always beat a good little man."

"And you forgot the basic premise of Windsor Horne Lockwood III."

"Oh?"

"He always carries two guns."

Almost nonchalantly, Win reached into his leg holster, took out his gun, and fired. Aaron ducked, but the bullet still hit him in the head. The second bullet also hit Aaron's head. So too, Jessica guessed, did the third.

He shook his head and made a tsk, tsk noise.

"What is it?" she asked.

Win turned to her, an almost shy smile toying with his lips. He gave a half-shrug. "I guess I'm not much for fair fights."

When I wrote this story, I exaggerated the Alpha bashing. Mainly because:

a) I wrote what the other Streams would view them as. There's plenty of evidence in the books to suggest that the other Streams hate their black-jumpsuit-clad guts.

b) I was wishing for some severely controversial (and thus, entertaining) responses.

Wish granted! Thank you, **mosgem**, for writing '**Sincerely, Alphas**'.

It's a response written by the Alphas. And it's hilarious. And brilliant. And possibly enough to spark WW3, but those are the best ones, right? \*insert wide, slightly insane grin\*

Anyway. SHOUT OUT to '**Sincerely, Alphas**' by **mosgem**. \*\*Thank you for writing it!

\* \* \*

><p>PS-Yes, it did spark a war...<p>

\* \* \*

><p>The <strong>SciTech<strong> stream (after making sure that disguising signals absolutely really means absolutely, because, while we did take into account Malpense and his computer-brain, one can never be too sure) want to say: Yes, Otto, you have fangirls. Well, a fangirl. Who's slightly creepy. With stalker-like tendencies. But who cares, huh? Also, Laura might be in on this shower thing. We think she's using an alias to buy the tapes, and yeah, we're pretty sure it's her...

And you sing in the shower, Malpense. You're not that bad, actually. After a lot of debate, we've given you a 7.1.

Yeah, good luck, Shel. Fangirls are crazy. They'd do anything to watch Wing in the shower, including face your wrath-oi! Cassie, quit playing Wing's shower videos! Sweet mother of-we're trying to reply here! We can't do that if we're suffering severe nosebleeds due to the extreme hotness and sex appeal that takes mortal form in Wing Fanchu WHERE THE HELL ARE THOSE TISSUES?!

\* \* \*

><p>The <strong>Henchman<strong> stream:

After deciding that we are never going to break the you-are-brainless-thugs-who-will-never-be-considered-amazing stereotype (Raven! Henchman! Wing Fanchu! Henchman! And, FREAKING HELL! FURAN was definitely HENCHMAN! Are they not smart? Are they not awesome? How thick-headed can you Alphas be if you don't see that?!) said, "Screw it," and went out to break some bones.

Apparently, we are under the impression that crushing governments wasn't going to save Alphas from getting their bones crushed.

Hm. Wonder why we would think that...

We do applaud the Harry Potter reference, though.

\* \* \*

><p>We <strong>PolFis</strong> have followed the Henchmen's lead. Upon repeated insinuation that we are the Alphas' minions, we, too, have said, "Screw it," and have paid the Henchmen to mess up Alpha-faces. And intestines. (Really, though? You didn't know that money talks, even at HIVE? No wonder Alpha and PolFi are two different streams, even though you feel that we PolFis are just wannabe-Alphas...no, really, that brilliant lecture on class and finesse, and all you got was wannabe losers? They don't have an IQ criterion for you guys any more, do they?)

\* \* \*

><p>"How the hell did they find those replies? I ripped them apart!"<p>

Raven patted her employer/lover-no, not her lover!-soothingly, "You would have failed as a teacher if they hadn't. It's not that bad..."

Nero lifted his head (which he had previously buried in his hands) to look at her. "World War 3 has broken out. We've had to create a whole new infirmary wing. Professor Pike caught a PolFi girl liberating a bazooka while muttering something about 'stupid Alphas thinking we're stupid wannabe minions I'll show them'..."

"It's not that bad," Raven repeated.

"She hasn't even used it yet, Natalya."

"Wait-Pike \_let her take \_the bazooka?"

"She was a livid PolFi student with a lethal weapon of mass destruction! And we'll have another Hiroshima-Nagasaki, once the SciTechs are done modifying it! What was Pike supposed to do?!"

Raven was quiet for a while, unsure of how to proceed. Finally, she spoke up, "We can do some damage control, though. By not letting the Alphas receive the other streams' responses, for starters..."

Right one cue, they heard someone shriek hysterically-with a Scottish accent, "I didn't know about the tapes! I swear! No, I'm not blushing! I'm \_not\_, dammit! These are allergies! Shel! Back me up!"

"GIVE ME AN AXE!"

"Come on, you're above all-"

"THEY'VE SEEN WING NAKED. I HAVEN'T!"

"Shelby-"

"MALPENSE, WHERE'S THE GODDAMNED AXE?!"



"Wing took it-"

"THEN GIVE ME THE BAZOOKA!"

Raven winced as she heard the unfortunate albino's attempts to explain that the bazooka was missing, too... "This is not going to be easy to deal with...Are you sure the camera riggers are safe?"

Nero absentmindedly chewed on his thumb. The last time he'd indulged in that habit, he was 3 and teaching his engineered shark to tap dance. "The SciTech stream assured me that they had taken into account Malpense's abilities. Something about recovering an imprint of his implanted mainframe from the shcool's database to develop a quantum encryption to eliminate the possibility of a bypass something something jargon jargon. They were confident that they were in the clear."

"Well, Malpense hasn't found them yet, so they must be. What are they going to do about an axe-wielding Wing Fanchu?"

A loud crash sounded outside, followed by a boom. Raven opened the door to see a giant space robot waving around a smoking bazooka. Someone in the background screamed, "YEAH! SCITECH, BITCHES! COME AT ME NOW!"

The assassin calmly shut the door. "In case I die tonight, know that I've always loved you-" Nero blinked, "-and tell Luke that Darth is his father."

He started. Oh, so she was joking...he sighed. He couldn't really tell with Natalya...

"I'm only half-joking, though," Raven added as she unsheathed her katanas, "There's a very good chance we might all end up dead." Bracing herself, she kicked open the door, weapons held high-

-and immediately threw it shut when an axe flew inside and slammed itself into Nero's chair.

Nero peered out from where he had ducked under his desk, warily eying the large weapon that had rudely occupied his seat without asking him first.

There was a knock on the door. "Excuse me, Dr Nero, Raven," Wing said, his polite tone at odds with his dishevelled hair and murderous expression, "but have you seen my axe, by any chance?"

Nero hadn't been this speechless since the last time he had seen Natalya in a cocktail dress.

Raven wrenched out the axe from the chair's headrest and threw it at him. Catching it deftly, he bowed and closed the door with a brief, "My apologies, sorry for the interruption," which was then followed by a shout of, "CASSIE FROM SCITECH, YOU-WILL-PAY!" heard through the closed door.

"..."

"...No, I don't think you need to intervene, Natalya..." Nero eventually ventured, "...They'll be fine."

Something which sounded suspiciously like an atomic bomb shook the floor.

"Just fine," he repeated.

Another explosion, followed by shrieks of, "LET ME AT 'EM!" reverberated through the floor.

"...please don't leave me," Max whimpered to himself.

### 3. AN: COLLABORATION! YAY!

**\*\*To all the followers/readers of this story:\*\***

**\*\*Mosgem and I are doing a collab! \*cheering\*\***

It will be under my account (cause Mosgem is really, really nice and let me have it on my account because I came up with the original idea) under the name **"\*\*The Letter is Mightier than the Atomic Bomb\*\*"**.

Link: (fanfiction dot net)  
[/s/9086357/1/The-Letter-is-Mightier-than-the-Atomic-Bomb](https://www.fanfiction.net/s/9086357/1/The-Letter-is-Mightier-than-the-Atomic-Bomb)

**\*\*But please, please remember: This collective story is \*\*\*\*50% Mosgem's\*\*\*\*, so if you guys like it, or like Mosgem's chapters, please go and subscribe/favourite him!\*\***

**\*\*Mosgem's URL: (fanfiction dot net)/u/4087169/\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>In order to adhere to ff's guidelines of not having more than one copy of a story on the website, I will be deleting this version by the end of this month or so, when my exams end. So if you'd like to continue reading this story, or if you feel it deserves a favourite, please go and followfave the new story. **\*\*And follow and favourite Mosgem while you're at it. It's only fair! :)\*\***

End  
file.